

The Masse Priests Lamentation,

FOR

The strange alteration, Begun in this Nation
Wherefore he makes great mone,
And sings O hone O hone.

The Tune is *Poore Shon.*



Saint Peters Seat,
Is in a sweat,
Alas,
Alas,
The triple Crowne
Is tumbled downe,
Adieu deare Masse.
Peeres Hall I sipp
On Nuns cherrylipp,
A halter or a whip,
is my dome,
Spade of Scottish Brome,
To sweepe us all to Rome.
O hone,
O hone.

Who is me,
This tyme to see,
Alas,
Alas,
A Puritan,
The onely man,
will put downe Masse.
I fast, and I pray,
But my Beads they take away
and say I goe astray,
from the Lay.
There is none will me relieve,
Therefore now must I greeve.
O hone,
O hone.

The Papists tyme,
With me did tyme
Alas,
Alas.
While there was hope,
The new Pope,
would set up Masse:
But now he is downe,
We all begin to froune,
which makes me in a swoone
thus to faint.
O helpe me some deare Saint,
And heare my sad complaint.
O hone,
O hone.

The Papist poore,
Turned out of doore,
Alas,
Alas
And holy Fryer,
Is in the myre
farewell deare Masse,
For now all Priest,
Banished thou seest,
all pray to Christ,
none to Mary.
To custome quite contrary
That beere him will not carry.
O hone,
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The second part, to the same tune.



Some unknowne voyage,
A pilgrimage,
Alas,
Alas.

Through places strange,
How must I range,
to find our Masse:
So till I come,
Quite unto Rome
Fortune at home,
will not flatter,
Nor suffer Holy-water: (for
Which we on brows did scat:
O hone,
O hone.

The time is spent,
I ha'be spent,
Alas,
Alas.
If ha'be I stay,
On Beads to pray,
and read more Masse.
If I recant,
Turne Protestant.
no Pardon grant
will the Pope.

Then shall I want such hope,
If I Religion coape.
O hone,
O hone.

St. Marys Creed,
Be my good speed,
Alas,
Alas.

Where should I run,
This scourge to shun.
Adue deare Masse
Tyme with his whip,
Paks me to skip,
Where should I slip,
me to hide
For such as Masse deride;
they can not me abide
O hone,
O hone.

Very sick,
Is Catholique
Alas,
Alas.

The Parliament,
Is fully bent,
to put downe Masse
Iesuit and Frier
hang in the Byer
Like Dun in the mire
well-aday.

And those that were my stay
quitt hang, or run away
O hone,
O hone.